NUMB. CXLIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Non eſt vivere ſed valere Vita. Martial.

Tueſday, Auguſt 14. 1711.

T is an unreaſonable thing ſome Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Diſpleas'd, or they know not how, and are ſo far from making that be a Reaſon for retiring to their own Houſes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indiſpos'd but his Phyſician? If a Man laments in Company, where People are in Humour enough to enjoy themſelves, he muſt not take it ill if a Servant is order'd to preſent him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Poſſet-Drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That kind of Life which we ordinarily underſtand by the Word Converſation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make, and ſhould incline us to bear a due proportion of good Will or good Humour towards the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which muſt of neceſſity oblige them to a real or feign'd Affliction. Cares, Diſtreſſes, Diſeaſes, Uneaſineſſes and Diſlikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would conſider how little of this Vicciſſitude of Motion and Reſt, which we call Life, paſſes with Satisfaction, we ſhould be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life, therefore Valetudinarians ſhould be Sworn, before they enter into Company, not to ſay a Word of themſelves 'till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we ſhould be always ſit with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roſes, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is uſually obſerved) they who reſolve to be Merry, ſeldom are ſo, it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleaſed, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are ſad. Whatever we do we ſhould keep up the Chearfulneſs of our Spirits, and never let them ſink below an Inclination at leaſt to be well pleaſed: The Way to this is to keep our Bodies in Exerciſe, our Minds at Eaſe. That abſurd State, wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of ſome Innocent Pleaſure, or purſuit of ſome laudable Deſign, we are in the Poſſeſſion of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Diſappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy ſide of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus* among ſo many real Evils, a Chronical Diſtemper, and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain; that equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, becauſe it has no Points to contend for: To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as neceſſary, if it is not the way to an Eſtate, is the way to what Men aim at by getting an Eſtate. This Temper will preſerve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* ſees the World in an hurry with the ſame Scorn that a Sober Perſon ſees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, ſays he, ſuch a one have met with ſuch a Diſappointment? If another had valued his Miſtreſs for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a part of his Paſſion, her Levity had been his Cure; ſhe could not then have been falſe and amiable at the ſame time.

Since we cannot promiſe our ſelves conſtant Health, let us endeavour at ſuch a Temper as may be our beſt Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Compoſure of Soul, and wrought himſelf up to ſuch a neglect of every thing with which the generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Diſturbance, and againſt thoſe too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him preſent Eaſe. *Uranius* is ſo thoroughly perſwaded of another Life, and endeavours ſo ſincerely to ſecure an Intereſt in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he ſhall be better provided for than in his preſent Apartment. Inſtead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themſelves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himſelf as ſuch. He thinks at the time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being, and the ſhort Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, ſince that Moment is not of half the

the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and conſiſtent Series of chearful Diverſions and moderate Cares, without fear or hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleaſure to another Man, and Sickneſs leſs affecting to him, than Indiſpoſition is to others.

I muſt confeſs, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can paſs it away with any tollerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may obſerve from the Hour ſhe riſes a certain Wearineſs of all that paſſes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are ſick of ſuch ſtrange frightful People that they meet, one is ſo awkard and another ſo diſagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breath the ſame Air with them. You ſee this is ſo very true that a great part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies, turns upon their Uneaſineſs; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a weekly Bill of Sickneſs, as the Pariſh Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of ſeven Days, one in thirty that was not downright Sick or indiſpoſed, or but a very little better than ſhe was, and ſo forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a conſtant Feaſt we ſhould not think Pleaſure neceſſary, but, if poſſible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoy'd upon occaſions of Good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumſtances of Diſtreſs. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We ſhould not form our Minds to expect Tranſport on every Occaſion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Deſire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can poſſeſs our ſelves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleaſures, and can be felt much better than deſcribed: But the ready way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Proſpect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A Great Author of our time has ſet this in an excellent Light, when with a Philoſophick Pity of Human Life he ſpoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down, and riſe again; Dreſs and undreſs; feed and wax hungry; Work or Play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We ſpend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our ſelves into the Bed of Folly, amongſt Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant Brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the Stalls or in the Field.. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than theſe? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at leaſt a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we ſuccced in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of July, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Co vent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Eſſex-Stree Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Chur in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Bal win in Warwick-lane; where alſo may be had thoſe fo the Months of March, April, May and June.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this preſe Tueſday, being the 14th Day of Auguſt, will be preſented, A c medy call'd the Lancaſhire Witches. Written by the Ingenious Shadwell, late Poet Laureat. Carefully Reviſ'd. With all the Ori nal Decorations of Scenes, Witche's Songs and Dances, proper the Dramma. The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Bullock Sen. Mr. Norris, Mr. Pa Mr. Bullock Jun. Mr. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradſhaw, Cor. And the Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. and Mrs. Willis. It being the laſt time of Acting it this Seaſon.

At Weſterham in Kent, within 20 Miles of Lon don, a Dwelling Houſe is to be Sold, with Stables, Coach-houſe, Brew houſe, and compleat Conveniencies of all kinds, together with a fine Garden laid out in Tarraces, and planted with variety of and Fruit Trees. Enquire at the Lady Reeves's at Weſterham, or Mr. Wilkinſon's Chambers in Searle's Court in Lincoln's-Inn, Lond

There is to be Sold at very low Rates at Mr. Bo rell's, Watchmaker, at the Unicorn and Dyal up one pair of S near Strand-bridge, all ſorts of Muſlin Cravats, and Holland Cambricks for Handkerchiefs, being the Goods of ſeveral Perſons failed. The Cravats are put up 3 in a Paper, and the Price upon each Parcel.

The famous Chymical Secret for the Tooth-Ach a Drop or two of which infallibly and inſtantly takes away the eſt Pain, tho' ſo violent and raging as almoſt to cauſe Diſtraction leſs than a Minutes time gives eaſe to admiration, and not only the Pain quite away, (whether the Tooth be ſound or rotten) but certainly prevents its returning again. Price 2s. 6d. a Bottle contains enough to cure 20 People,) with Directions. Sold Mr. Bell's, a Bookſeller, at the Croſs-Keys and Bible in Cornhill Stock's Market, where the moſt infallible Plaiſter for taking Corns is Sold at 1s. a Box, with Directions.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing Colour the Cheeks of thoſe that are White or Pale, that it is not to be diſ guiſhed from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be by the neareſt Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the leaſt hurtful good in moſt Caſes to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delig fully handſome and beautiful; is not ſubject to be rubb'd off like Paint therefore cannot be diſcover'd by the neareſt Friend. It is certain the beſt Beautifier in the World. Is ſold only at Mr. Payn's Toyſh at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Compton 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

The Scotch Medal decipher'd, and the new Here ditary-Right Men diſplay'd: Or, ſome Remarks on the late Pro ceedings of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, upon receiving the Pretender's Medal. With the ſaid Proceedings prefix'd. Sold by Popping in Paper noſter-Row: Where may had, Reflections on Dr. Sa cheverel's Speech at the Bar of the Houſe of Lords, Paragraph by Paragraph; In which the Charge of the Commons againſt him is made good, by Extracts out of moſt of his Books. To which are added ſe veral Declarations, Letters, &c. written at the Revolution, which are now recommended to all ſuch as ſeem to have forgot there ever was ſuch a Time.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

An Account of the firſt Voyages and Diſcoveries made by the Spaniards in America, with their unparallel'd Cruelty on the Indians, in deſtroying above 40 Millions of People. Written by Bartholomew de las Caſas, Biſhop of Chiapa, a Spaniard, who was Eye-witneſs of their Cruelties; and tranſlated by Mr. Stenner. Illuſtrated with Cuts. Price 3s. 6d. The Hiſtory of Flanders, from its firſt Eſtabliſhment as a Sovereignty, to the Death of the laſt King of Spain. With a general Survey and exact Map of the Country, done by Mr. Moll, which Exhibits the Seat of the War in thoſe Parts. Price 4s. Both Sold by J. Darby in Bartholomew-Cloſe.

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